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THE LATE INSURRECTION IN TURKEY.

The scene opens at Misseri's Hotel, on the hill of Pera, the only European hotel in Constantinople, including in that great-sounding, many-memoried word as well the old triangular city of Constantinople on this side, as Galata, the old Genoese quarter, on the other side of the Golden Horn.

I was just down from the *belvedere*, or flat-roofed terrace, which crowns the pleasant hotel of King Misseri—to use Homeric epithets, ‘the despotic, the strong-willed, the high-charging.’ I had been up there with half-a-dozen Misseriotes, projectors, attachés, Queen's messengers, officers, clergymen, and agreeable young ladies, watching a Constantinople sunset, and the subsequent short twilight and sudden drop of night, till the black magician rods of cypresses, so lately red-hot bars of fire, stood out pillar-like and ghostly against a keen and pearly moon in her virginal first quarter. But the sunset is neither here nor there; and if I use all my palette of flame colours, even though I rose in a proper gamut, from dark dove-pink red, the colour of pulpit-cushion velvet, to the burning white of a Christmas wood-fire; yea, though I topped Titian and out-paradoxed Thinksin, the great art-apostle, I know that our kind but remorseless editor would rip it all out, as if he were a surgeon cutting out a mad dog bite, so warily jealous is he of his room. But this is between ourselves.

I would have said *entre nous*, but scraps of Latin grammar are the rage now, rather than my favourite old French exercises. Never mind, my turn will come; and then ‘Old Horace,’ as my friend MacStinger calls him with playful familiarity, will have his day after all, like other dogs.

Remembering suddenly with a bilious pang that I am not the Rambler, though I dine daily at Dr Johnson taverns, I return down the stairs leading from King Misseri's roof, and turning the key, am in No. 45, the small bedroom allotted me by the great king of monopoly. That room is worth describing, because it was a type of the semi-European room in general, as modified by Perote necessities and the genius of the Turkish climate. It was a gaunt, bare-boned-looking room; its floor skeleton of bare planks, for the sake of coolness, unclothed with carpet; a wiry-looking bed, looking like the first sketch of a gigantic bird-cage, has faded green mosquito curtains instead of bars, and instead of the cage wood-work, thin rods of iron painted green; the walls are stencilled with flowers; for furniture, a bed-sofa that resembled a sarcophagus, a rickety wash-stand, and a chest of drawers that served for toilet-table. The window was winged with Venetian sun-shutters. A small

table for my volumes of the *Arabian Nights*, my Turkish books, with a few chairs, made up part of that total for which King Misseri, fortified in the proud strength of a regal monopoly, had the courier's conscience to demand eighteen and a half francs a day, though he put us all (including even the Italian princess and the Moldavian boyards) on a prison fare of two meals a day.

I looked round my room for my old friends the mosquitoes. I listened for the little humming-bugle they are always practising on. I heard nothing but the creaking tramp of a restless man in No. 34 pacing overhead. I looked with regret for a scorpion, but the place was too new and whitewashed for that. My window commanded no great prospect; the blue sabre-blade curves of the Bosphorus, with its processional train of consuls' villas and pachas' palaces, were hid from me by brown-tiled roofs. The gewgaw new Italian palace of the fool Sultan, down there at Tophana by the ‘Canon Gate,’ the centre to which all the spider lines of a vast conspiracy, working unknown as yet to me, tended, was veiled from me by staring Frank houses, white and yellow, merchants and consuls' palaces. That fool's paradise just below there to the left, at the bottom of the steep lane under my windows—that water-side Rosherville of godless luxury and wicked waste of a wronged country's wealth down by the water's side—was at that moment, though I did not know it, standing on a black gulf of gunpowder; a great bomb-shell of ruin ready to burst hung poised over its sham cornices and mere-tricious upholstery. At that moment pale-faced derishes were twining green silk bow-strings for Abdul's special edification; some ten thousand mutinous soldiers, unpaid for eight months—some said, on good authority, afterwards, fourteen thousand—were buzzing angrily in Pera and in Scutari barracks; pachas were whispering, moolahs were muttering; the great black devil was everywhere egging on good men to bad, and bad men to worse; and there, in a drunken sleep, over his third bottle of champagne, sat the imbecile breaker of Mohammed's law, unconscious as the pig busy in his trough is of the blue-frocked butcher who, knife in hand, is stealing round the sty. As in the palace in old fairy story, its inner life went on: the harem sang, and danced, and prattled, and made itself ill with perpetual sweetmeats; the sultan drank, and dreamed of fresh palaces; the vizier dozed over his jasmin-stemmed chibouk; the black eunuchs grinned and frowned; the slipper-bearer and the coffee-cup carrier quarrelled; the sentinels talked across the gateways, wondering why the hour had not come; and all this time the great rain-cloud, big with thunder of a people's wrath, and double-shotted with lightning

shafts and bullets, pressed lower and lower upon that fool's house built on sand, upon that empire raised on a morass. The great death-trap was closing, the match was creeping towards the touch-hole; another moment, and there might have been but an empty room, with a blood-splash near the door—but a few cinders to shew where the new palace had stood.

I am still looking into drawers and crevices, as I always do in new hotels, considering it my duty to act as residuary legatee to the last occupant of the room. It was an old Bastile custom to search in the wood-ashes and the cracks of planks for bits of writing and relics of the penultimate man; so I do it. I find only two or three yellow-flower leaves, a cigarette, and a mother-of-pearl button, which is not much, but serves to build fancies on, when—

Clash! bang!! bong!!!

Good heavens! is the house on fire, or are the gray-coated Muscovites storming this dead city? A tap at the door.

‘ Monsieur, le dîner.’

It is the dinner-bell; it will ring again in ten minutes. What instinct is it that makes me think there is something frightened and preoccupied in that rat-faced waiter Alexis's voice? I look in the glass, brush in hand—I am perfect—all but a *coup de grâce* to the left whisker. I pace with the satisfaction of a hungry man down the long first-floor corridor. No. 41 is putting out his boots, as if he were knocked up, and going to bed; from No. 33 a family-party of English emerge. I pass between the funny old coloured engravings of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Colosseum at Rome, where the figures are of uncrinolined ladies, with bare arms, little bolster sleeves close up to the shoulder, and waist nearly to the arm-pits. I turn down some steps, pass through a sort of hall drawing-room, filled with Venetian clocks and expensive tourists' trifles, huddled together in rather a sale-room way, and am in a moment down the two-winged staircase, and in the lower ante-room, where some thirty people are gathered for dinner.

The inane-looking red and white young Russian officer is on the Turkish sofa, whispering pretty foolish honey-moon nonsense into the pink shell ear of his Italian wife; the handsome young Jew banker, from Beyrouth, is trying to settle a difference of opinion between his pale, impassive, statue-like wife and a friend, a dissipated gentlemanly Belial, who seems to my innocent English eyes painfully like the wife's lover; two American missionaries at one table are discussing the Japanese religion with a young American invalid, whose red fez covers a shaven head, the result of thirty days' fever in Damascus; two attachés, fresh from England, are examining a silver-mounted matchlock that stands near the door; while a bearded German doctor, fresh from Erzeroum, harangues upon a pretty model of one of the Bosphorus swallow-boats, that lies on a sideboard between the two windows.

The glass folding-doors leading to the dining-saloon are thrown open—King Misseri sends his herald to tell us dinner is ready—we pour in—the ladies streaming first, with silken sail and flowing ribbon—and we take our places—

Indiscriminately? Not we; no, by priority of coming. The oldest inhabitant of the hotel is at our head—the latest comer at the bottom. The places are indicated by the silver bracelet, with the number of your bedroom on it, ringing the snowy napkin that lies folded like a letter on your plate. Shy men begin at their rolls, as if they were just washed in from a raft; three nervous new-comers, in a hot bunch at my end of the table, begin to rumple their spotless napkins, and to pour out stage-like goblets of the thin prison fare of pleasantly acid Medoc, with which our lord and master, King Misseri, stints us; soup, with

twinny Medusean hair of vermicelli afloat in it, is rapidly being distributed, when a pale-faced waiter, sliding in, whispers out the portly and self-confident landlord, whose general rule is, never to leave the room during dinner.

An instinct of something wrong seizes the room; the waiters, smoking soup-plate in hand, whisper in knots; the white-capped cook peers out from behind the screen that hides the kitchen-doors, his usually red burnt face white as his jacket; the *valets de place*, standing round the buffet, mutter loud in Greek, Turkish, Persian, and French.

There is something wrong! Every one at table, even the new-comers, feel it in the very air; all but one fat-faced Falstaff of an English merchant, who seizes the moment to help himself to a side-dish only put on the table for ornament. In a moment, Misseri reappears, his sly face pregnant with secrets, and slides over the padded Turkey carpet towards the oldest inhabitant at the head of the table, and whispers to him hotly, earnestly, and long.

The dinner resumes. Again the knives and forks work in unity on thirty plates. Slowly, but surely, the secret spreads round the table.

A great conspiracy had been detected—a conspiracy to murder all the Christians! How beautiful appears Christianity at a dinner-table! The European reforms were to have been choked and stifled; all the artillery were implicated—14,000 men!—soldiers and others were suspected, or known to have agreed to rise in arms; and, lastly, the sultan himself—the successor of the Prophet, the wine-bibbing, worn-out debauchee, the effete Sardanapalus of a dead nation—was to have been assassinated on his way to that great mosque of Sultan Ahmed which borders on the Hippodrome.

Soldiers were now in every street and at every door, bayonets ready and sabre drawn. It was not safe to go across the bridge of boats to Stamboul. Arrests were taking place, fast as the regiments could be filed off in detachments from the great barracks on the hills of Pera and Scutari. If the Seven Towers were anything but a stately ruin, they would soon be full. Fish of the Bosphorus, leap for joy, for to-night ye shall feast on moolahs and pachas! Wild dogs of Scutari, howl in a chorused frenzy of delight, for to-morrow, at daybreak, ye shall be tugging at the gray beards of traitorous dervishes and rebel dragomans!

Silently our dinner ended; whisperingly had it passed by. The ladies, half frightened, half anxious, withdrew from us the bright starlight of their eyes, and retired to their upstairs rooms. No piquet that night; no races of white and crimson balls that evening over the golden-green billiard cloth in the Armenian café; no pleasant exhibition of bazaar purchases; no competition and wagers on rival daggers and Damascus sword-blades; no cutting pennies in two, or driving Erzeroum poniards through five-franc pieces.

No; that night was spent in anxious talking, and in listening to the last rumours from without, brought us by King Misseri from the pale lips of boatmen and porters, as they came in with messages or burdens from Galata, Therapia, or Stamboul. The horror grew with the uncertainty, and we seemed (we Europeans) to have gone back at a leap to the days of Omar or of Ali. It was a disagreeable thing to be murdered in evening-dress, and after dinner seemed to me a most ill-chosen and unpleasant time wherein to have one's throat cut. As for resistance, there was not a gun in all the hotel but the ponderous, absurd, impossible matchlock, ringed with silver, that stood in one corner of the ante-room—and had stood for five years—waiting for a green traveller to try it.

One can't do much with a penknife, and there was not a poker in the place. Some talked, if the worst came to the worst, of cutting their way out; but others looked as if they thought more of cutting away. A fat clergyman present, exceedingly nervous, fell into a most singular mistake, for he sat rocking on the sofa

by the window, saying grace. No doubt it was grace, for I could hear the words perpetually recurring, and its religious consolation cheered without inebriating me. 'For what,' the old gentleman kept saying—'for what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!'

'Amen!' said everybody, not hearing the words, but knowing it was a prayer, because of the pupil-tone of voice.

As for King Misseri, I think numerous courier sins, and extortions, and small cowardices rose with a sense of sea-sickness in his throat, and he retired for a 'little finger' of Cognac. As for Mrs Misseri, she was on her knees in a back-parlour before a small portrait of the Virgin Mary, comforted in vain by Fanny the house-keeper.

Towards night, we began to cheer up a little, for rumours more comforting came in. The conspirators (60,000 strong—how the story grew!) had kindly consented to put off the massacre of the Christians till the 4th of October: all was safe at present. The arrests were going on faster than ever. It was feared the howling dervishes would excite the mob. The pacha of Albania was to be seized, or his pachalic would revolt. They had met some of the leading moolahs walking to prison in the centre of hollow squares of soldiers. It was now discovered that the priests had had scruples about shedding the sultan's blood, and had therefore, after much discussion, agreed not to shed it, but to stone or strangle him, or both, there being as much to be said for stoning as for the pleasanter but sharper death of strangling.

Later still, toward midnight, the report grew more ghastly and lyingly accurate (always distrust a liar the more careful and accurate he becomes). A boatman had just told the oddman of the hotel, who told Antonio, the smiling dragoman, who told Misseri, that an hour ago, as he was returning home round the old palace from fishing in the Sea of Marmora, he had heard distinctly groans and screams, and splashing and struggling, as of desperate men overcome by violence, and drowned, one after the other, with a beating of water and a bubbling gurgle. It was said that every night, for a week, these executions would take place. There could be no doubt about it; such things were common in Mahmoud the father's time, why not now? We had all heard of the substitute for the Divorce Court adopted by the Turks.

We were mute, and staringly intent with horror on the speaker, whom no one presumed to doubt, when a young Queen's messenger, Mr Lacy Rocket—who had been yawning for some time so dislocatingly wide and often, that I had thought that some massacre of the Christians would have been an amusement to him—suggested intrepidly that we should go down to the bridge and take a kyik, and spend the night cruising about, hearing and seeing as many secrets as we could. We were to charter one of those swallow-boats, as they are called from their lightning swiftness, and with lamps on each side of the rullocks, as is the Bosphorus custom, float and dart about round the old river-wall, underneath the cypresses of the palace gardens, round the galley-like beak of the old seraglio, and wherever, from sewer-mouth or water-gate, dead men with blue throats and staring eyes might wash or pour forth.

The project was timidly yet unanimously agreed to; but just as we were buttoning up to sally out, our curiosity overpowering our fear, some one suggested that the gate at Galata was closed and double-barred every night at nine; that at the same time the gates of all the various quarters of Stamboul city clanged to with one accord; that even supposing Turkish sentinels were bribed or eluded, that the patrol-boat on the river would be sure to stop and overhaul our kyik; and that, in fact, it was 'all up' with our chivalrous plan.

So to bed we went, to dream of yataghans pouring

down Constantinople streets like so much liquid lightning, and to see the sultan, without his head, trying in vain to smoke his chibouk, and not knowing where to insert the jewelled mouthpiece. There my busy brain drew me forth unto the sea, and all around me, larboard, starboard, far and near, floated headless men and corpses. My whole dream was filled with a rolling heap of bodies, driven along in a fierce torrent of blood. The sky—I woke with a start. It was a curdling gray daybreak; the only sound I could hear was the sleepy prate of the Turkish soldiers, in the little booth of a guard-house opposite the hotel; and in the far distance, down the high street of Pera, the chink and ring of the great iron-bound staves of the Turkish watchmen, a sort of noise resembling the first clink of a paviour's crow-bar, which continues without intermission during the night, and is amiably intended to shew that they (*the custodes*) are wide awake, that there is no fire, and that everything is right.

But this is by the way. Just as I had cleared away the fish at breakfast, and was working with rapid strides towards a little juicy pad of a steak, garnished with frizzled circles of my old friend, who has lately had such severe family misfortunes—I refer to the potato—Rocket, who sat opposite to me, and was washing a great bunch of chrysolite grapes in a tumbler of water, whispered across the table-cloth that he had something more to communicate about the conspiracy.

I lent him an ear—nay, two eager ears. He (Rocket) had been up early—he had found it was the right thing to do; when just as he stepped, dripping like a water-god, and was rubbing himself to a lobster-pink with his flesh-brush, what should he hear but a discharge of muskets from the direction of the great artillery barracks on the hill. Now, he had been mistaken about some matters once or twice; had betted on Fish-hook, a brown horse he thought much too highly of, at last year's Ascot; and had once proposed to a ravishing blonde, who, he found, had been two years engaged to Muff of the Rifles; but mistaken about platoon-firing, and the sort of thing that goes on at military executions, he could not be. No, by Jove, there could be no sort of doubt about that: there was first the file-fire, running along like Screechini, that splendid creature, when she trills her fingers along the Broadwood key-board; then down again, second file; up again, third file; then half-a-dozen dropping shots to bring down the wounded, or to blow out the brains of the poor devils that were only slightly cut over—horrible—demme; and he slipped into his mouth one of the largest grapes, I think, eastern sun ever sweetened. You have seen a pigeon's egg?—very well, then.

But now to send up another firework, and give you the last rumour, and most horrible of all; but of which, if half was falsehood, half at least was truth. It was an hour after breakfast, and I was in Misseri's hall, turning over the great lined leaves of the King's visitors book, with wondering side-glances at a notice wafered upon the wall above it, to the effect that 'The Pera Cricket Club would meet at Balthaliman, for the usual practice, on Tuesday and Thursday of that week.' Oh the pig-headed British love of habit, and of established follies—cricket in weather enough to make the ball red-hot and to blister the bats!

I read anon the entries: 'Major Damanoff, of the Russian Imperial Guards; Prince Suchanass, from Georgia; Doctor Hyperbole, from Berlin, on his way to Persia to join a German embassy; M. Bécaisse, *propriétaire*—country, France; Darcy Jobson, *propriétaire*, England.'

Some one touched me on the shoulder—it was Rocket again, with his great straw-coloured bamboo under his shooting-jacket arm. More about the conspiracy—I could see it written on the very

cigarette he was twiddling into shape between his thin thumb and forefinger.

He had just been strolling down to Banbury's, and had picked up a thing or two. Met two dervishes led by soldiers. The sultan had slept last night, for the first time since his boyhood, in the old Seraglio; he supposed for fear of the conspirators. Gabble had told him, too, as he looked in at the Ottoman Bank, that Jaffir Pacha, a fellow with no great character—in fact, a bit of a rip—had been arrested last night on account of his European leanings; that on his way to prison, in a kylk, guarded by soldiers, he had suddenly shook off the men, sprang into the water, and been drowned. None of the boats had yet succeeded in bringing up the rascal's body. With him, it was thought, so the fellows at Banbury's said, and the men at the Bitter Ale stores perished great secrets. So Wiffen said, Wiffen the head-man at Banbury's—Banbury's right hand.

Capital story this of Jaffir Pacha; but before I had retailed it twice at the billiard-room, I was told that the whole thing was a trick, a downright slippery trick. Somebody had seen somebody, who was told by somebody, who proved to be a nobody, that that very night Jaffir Pacha was drowned in the Bosphorus he appeared wet and dirty before his wife, in a room of his palace, near Buyukdere, or somewhere along-shore, tied up his jewels, belted up his money, saddled his best horse, and was off to take ship for some Greek island where Turkish refugees generally repair; a sort of floating Leicester Square, near Scio (Show, as they call it). Diving and sinking are the same things; only that diving implies a voluntary act, and an intention to come up again to daylight. A third report represented him skilfully released by the pretendedly enraged and astonished guards, who seeing him dive, lost all traces of their prisoner, till out of the corner of one eye—left eye—they observed him clamber up the side of a convenient Greek fruit vessel, just under sail, and steer off to the land of the freest and slipperiest people of the world. Banbury had seen somebody who had seen the dead body; while Pericles, a Greek merchant, and in the dry-salting way, had seen somebody who had met the live one hurrying to Albania.

But Jaffir Pacha and his drown or dive, death or escape, were quite forgotten, when at dinner Rocket, who, when not actually on the seas between Stamboul and London, in guard of dispatch-bags, devotes his whole life to collecting political and other gossip, burst forth with news from Herne Bey himself of the examination of the conspirators.

The leaders had been brought up—this was a day or two after the night of the arrest—before the sultan himself, and confronted with his brother, whom they had intended to have raised to the throne. No complicity of the brother's had been proved; but the high bearing and insolent fanatical answers of one of the chief rebels, had so enraged a pacha present—who, perhaps, feared their disclosures—that as they went forth, under the crimson curtain that covered the door from the sultan's presence, he, the pacha, in a whirlwind of prudent, yet righteous wrath, slashed out his sabre, and lopped off the great conspirator's head.

Here one or two of the ladies screamed, and then sipped their wine in a pretty conventional bird-like way. Another man here broke in—sweeping away Rocket's last sentence, at which he frowned and knuckled his roll—with a story, also retailed from Banbury, of the examination of the smaller fry, the artillery captains, before the minister of war.

Brutally insulted, and bayonet pricked, they had been dragged from a temporary prison, the very den of filth and starvation, before the great man, not many years ago, I believe, a barber's man, or some such playful, but unintellectual trade. But, to the horror and astonishment of the officers and courtiers, pimps and parasites, not one of them had blenched

or quailed, not one had betrayed even a fear of musket-barrel or sword-blade; they had stood there unshaken as Atlas; no threat or menace made eye quiver or lip whiten.

'No,' they said; 'by Ullah (Allah) we have done right; by the beard of the Prophet, it is thou, and not we, that hast defiled the Koran, and put out the sun with lies.'

I don't know how long our friend would have continued this oriental and dramatic attempt to realise a doubtful and not too veracious rumour, had not Rocket, who had from some other Banbury at the consulate also picked up a story, bore down on him with the restless tongue and charge of cavalry voice of a young barrister, and told us the end of the story in his own manner.

It was all right about the fellows' pluck—those sort of fellows always, you know, had brass enough. Stiffback, whose dragoman was present, told him that there was never anything like the check of those fellows. What do you think one of them, a moolah, too, did? Why, he up and told the vizier that he was a son of a dog; that he remembered him a miserable barber, hungry for *paras* (half-pence); and that if he had had the power, he would have slain the vizier's father on the grave of the vizier's mother, made slaves of his children, and sold his daughters as slaves to the butcher's men of Stamboul. This fellow they would have gagged and dragged out; but he then went on to prove from the Koran itself, which he quoted accurately, that wine was an unlawful drink, hateful to Ullah, brewed by Eblis, and the horror and abhorrence of every true believer. Therefore, as the sultan habitually drank wine, yea, even to intoxication, and was guilty of various other crimes forbidden by the law and the Prophet, it became the duty of every true Mussulman to help to depose such a monarch as worthy—no, not to live.

'Plucky, wasn't it?' said Rocket, looking round for admiration; upon which a severe High Tory clergyman present did something violent to his white tie, and groaned, 'Shockin'!'

Now, as the sultan—as is perfectly well known to every Perote, from the Boots that is at Misseri's Hotel to the very valet that dresses the ambassadors—repairs nightly to a certain kiosk, lamp-lit and gorgeous, and doth there foolishly, foolishly, and sotishly bedrink himself unroyally drunk with bottle after bottle of champagne, till the said infidel breaker of the Prophet law is rolled into a strong Persian shawl by four black eunuchs, reverent of snoring royalty, and shovelled into his bed—I thought the good man's indignation a little too vehement, but I said nothing.

One thing, however, I ascertained from the various jarring rumours—that a Greek conspiracy (some said anti-European, others pro-European) had just been seized by the throat and dragged certainly to prison, and probably to death. As far as I could hear, some *fourteen thousand* soldiers and civilians had hands or feet in it. Progressive or reactionary, there were engaged in it not merely vulgar cut-throat and discontented artillerymen, but great pachas (of Albania, for instance), colonels, men of state, priests, dervishes, government employés, and, most startling of all, the heads of the universities—the sort of filtered-out saints and theologians who guide the state Mohammedanism, advise the sultan, and indeed, rising through examination after examination, are a kind of archbishops of the Turkish church, and rank next in power and influence to the great defender of Islam himself. In their rebellion Mohammedanism itself had, as it were, risen to push the imbecile son of Mahmoud from his microscopic throne.

As for the objects of the intended rebellion, it was enough for me then, being still in a chronic state of gaping curiosity, to know that the conspirators, betrayed by a young artillery subaltern, were to make the sultan appoint responsible ministers, on pain of

deposition or death; to lock up his champagne cellar; to stop the poor sot's, the royal Sly's mad and prodigal expenditure in endless and unintermitting palace building; to get the army (eight months in arrears) duly paid; to cut down the pachas' salaries; and to resist (or increase—here men differed) European influence.

This also: no one could doubt that the conspirators, expecting instant death, and believing the sabres were then grinding for their special edification, manifested at their cross-examinations no fear, nay, rather, the proud exultation of good men, prepared to die for a good and stainless cause; that they had boldly laid their fettered hands on certain passages of the Koran, and so utterly disconcerted the time-serving judges, that they dismissed them, downcast and dumbfounded. There could be no doubt that the conspiracy had been a deeply ramified one, spreading from the loftiest mosque to the lowliest hut; and that the sultan's mad Sardanapalian palace-building and undisguised love of the white grape, were rapidly leading to that great crop which always springs up so dreadful and sudden, when a fool who builds palaces on sand takes the whim into his head to sow the whirlwind's seed.

As this was telling—that I have here shaped and shortened—a lull fell on the motley Misseri guests. Pearl-sewn slippers from the bazaar, scented Indian beads, Turkish saffron-coloured tobacco—all the day's purchases were forgotten. One only bit of news comforted us: it was a report that the massacre of the Christians, announced for the 4th, was to be put off till the 14th.

'Well, there is one thing I take my affydayv of,' said Rocket, rubbing a fusee smartly against the bottom of his boot, 'and that is, that the sultan is in a deuce of a funk, and serve him right!'

C O M M O N W O R D S .

WHAT curious difference in meaning has the same word, according as it is spoken by one mouth or another, written by one pen or another, suggested by one circumstance or another! When the Crystal Palace Company presses into its service all the colours of the rainbow for the purpose of informing the *Public* that there will be a grand musical entertainment in honour of anybody whose name will collect a multitude, and that the tickets will vary in price from a guinea to five shillings; or that there will be a flower-show, or a poultry-show, or a man-and-woman-show, on a particular Friday—which is a half-crown day—it is clear that the *Public* alluded to must be composed of persons very different in habits, tastes, pursuits, means, and, to a certain extent, gender, from those who are respectfully reminded that the Tiverton Slasher will take his benefit on such and such a day at the Westminster Baths, upon which occasion there will be assembled a galaxy of fistie talent. Nor do we imagine that the *Public* which is requested to make early application to 'OEdipus,' who has named the winner of every race for the last three years, without a failure, has much in common with the *Public* whose attention is called to the Report of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science. Moreover, who ever feels himself included in the number of those to whom that significant sentence in the Registrar-general's Report—'the public health has suffered greatly from the inclemency of the weather'—applies? Yet every one allows that his own health *is* part of the public health. Few of the *Public* whose 'health suffers from the inclemency of the weather' have their names, ages, and virtues recorded in the first column of the *Times*; that isn't the *Public* which the undertakers are so anxious to bury at economical charges; that *Public* doesn't sit on chairs, but on door-steps; doesn't sleep in beds, but in bridge recesses; doesn't die of apoplexy, but of inanition.

But perhaps this sameness of word and difference of signification are nowhere more remarkable than in the terms *lady* and *gentleman*. 'Me and another lady was having a few words,' raises in your mind no image of those beings whose health is so eloquently proposed and so gracefully acknowledged at the Mansion House or the London Tavern; nor when you hear a railway-guard ask gruffly at the door of a third-class carriage: 'E'er a one o' you ladies want to get out at Stepney?' do you feel at all the same emotion as when the same guard says obsequiously: 'This way, miss, please—first-class.' In the first case, you sit immovable; in the second, ten to one you look out of the window of your carriage. We imagine, too, that the worthy proprietor of the two-penny wax-work to which we went in childhood, had different people in view, when he respectfully informed the nobility and gentry that no lady or gentleman was allowed to enter in a state of intoxication, from the ladies and gentlemen to whom the Lord Chamberlain gives instruction in the event of their wishing to be presented to her Majesty. It would be amusing to observe a meeting between 'a doosid gentleman-like fellah,' according to the notions of Capt. the Hon. Henry Cavalry, and the same description of fellow-creature according to the judgment of Mr Scribble, the clerk; the contrast, we are sure, would strike no one more than the 'fellahs' themselves: each would search for an explanation of the existence of the other (if they had happened to hear of the book) in Darwin's *Origin of Species*. A perfect gentleman is by no means a constant term: it varies directly as the turn of mind of the person using it. Mrs Tubbs, the lodging-housekeeper, thereby would have you to wit of one who is unconscious of the rapid consumption with which groceries are afflicted, who is unaffected by mysterious disappearances of liquor, who believes that coal and candle can kindle themselves and burn away, and is content to examine only the total of his weekly bills. Thomas, the waiter, uses the same words to express his feelings of gratitude towards the munificent being who despises small-change; and the lady who lives in the fashionable square can find no more honourable title to bestow upon her pet minister. And now that we are upon this subject, we seize with avidity the opportunity of pointing out wherein consists—or did consist, when a coach ran between Oxford and Cambridge—the difference between an Oxford and a Cambridge *gen'l'man*, and how the Oxonian established his claim to be considered 'more of a gen'l'man' than the Cantab. The driver of the inter-university coach is our authority, and we feel, therefore, that we speak in a manner *ex cathedra*. 'The Oxford *gen'l'man*,' said the worthy driver, 'is more of a *gen'l'man* than the Cambridge *gen'l'man*, though they're both very nice *gen'l'men*, and stands their bottle o' wine to me like *gen'l'men*; but here's the difference o' breedin': you see: the Cambridge *gen'l'man* he calls out hearty: "Tom, old boy, 'elp yourself;" the Oxford *gen'l'man* sits down afore me, 'elps *hisself*, passes the bottle across to me, and says: "Tom, I looks to-vards you," likewise nods.'

How various, again, are the ideas conveyed by the word *Servant*. It is often necessary to strengthen it by an epithet, such as *domestic*, before you can feel quite sure that you will be understood. Why, the man who declares in black and white that he is your very humble *servant*, is the likeliest man in the world to knock you down if you ordered him to black your boots. And when you hear anybody boasting that he serves the Queen, or that he has the honour to be one of her Majesty's servants, you never think of asking him how he likes 'the place,' or of hoping that 'he gives satisfaction.' To see a 'humble servant of the church,' too, driving about in a carriage-and-pair, with a second humble servant of the church on the box, in livery, and a third hanging on behind in the same livery, would astonish an unsophisticated creature

who always attached the same meaning to the same word. *Ministry*, too, may be taken in more senses than one: when you hear that the *ministry* are going out, your imagination conjures up no string of reverend gentlemen taking healthful walks abroad; nor, on the other hand, when your friend, the poor widow, introduces to you, with pardonable pride, her clever son from school, and strokes his head fondly as she tells you she intends him for the *ministry*, do you for a moment suppose that the boy you 'tip' is an embryo Chancellor of the Exchequer. If a man should tell you that he took a bus to your house, you would by no means confound his proceedings with those of the policeman whom you indignantly observed taking what sounds exactly the same upon parting with your cook at the area-gate; in the latter case, you would probably write the word with double s when you sent your note of complaint to the superintendent. *Governor* is quite protean in point of signification: if a respectable elderly gentleman or a lady talk of the *governor*, you know he is some one holding a commission from her Majesty; if it be a young and not very sedate-looking individual who is talking, it may be taken for granted that paternal authority is alluded to; in any other case, you may be assured that it is one of the heads of those houses, establishments, or societies with which this great country abounds. Except at Michaelmas, it would be difficult to declare with any certainty what the meaning of *goose* might be in any given sentence; without plenty of context, or a knowledge of the person using the word, it would be easy to confound a bird with a human being, and either of those with an instrument peculiar to tailors. 'Go it, old hoss!' is a phrase, the understanding of which is materially assisted by a knowledge of the cis or trans atlantic origin of the utterer. But if we once get into the regions of slang, there will be no end to the difficulties, and they are numerous enough in what humorous patriots call plain English. We have known the name of a street to have caused an altercation, and almost a serious quarrel, between two friends of hasty temper. A asked B. the name of a street they had just passed; B. answered Wych Street. A. endeavoured to describe it, and again receiving the same information, began to make uncomplimentary remarks upon B.'s faculties; whereupon B. retorted, and a personal rencontre was imminent, when the happy idea struck B. of spelling the word to his irascible friend. Adjectives are, even more than substantives, dependent upon circumstances for appreciation. When Lucy calls Emma *dear*, bystanders are either quite indifferent or apprehend a quarrel, according to the tone of voice; but when Lucy calls an unrelated Charles *dear* (or *vice versa*), those who overhear the appellation immediately commence a certain arithmetical process popularly known as putting two and two together, though in this instance it would be more appropriate to join one and one together. Let no man who hears himself called a *nice* fellow, plume himself upon his merits until he has fully ascertained the force of the epithet; it may so happen that a little piece of rascality on his part has just been discovered. No one would think of trying the effect of soap and water upon a *dirty* scoundrel, though the combination might be advisable and efficacious in the case of a *dirty* boy. Mrs Puritan's *good* man will seldom be found to resemble him whom a college tutor describes as a *good* man; or whom the commercial world, and still less those whom the patrons of boxing, boating, and cricketing, pronounce *good* men; while a *good* thing, strange as it may appear, is not unfrequently unfit for ears polite. It would astonish many a one to hear the recipient of £30,000 a year proclaimed a *poor* scholar; and there are not a few who would be equally amazed to discover that a comedian with four guineas a week was considered *rich*.

Enough has been said to shew that the curious

may find food in the study of common words, and we will conclude with the history of a mistake into which a little boy once fell, in consequence of using a word of which he did not know the meaning, and from too readily supposing that his school-fellows despised the aspirate. Everybody knows that at certain public schools, when the names are called over, each boy is required to shew his acquaintance with dead languages by shouting in proof of his bodily presence the Latin word *adsum*. Now Master Jenkins had been very well brought up, and on that eventful day which saw him, for the first time, a member of the Worshipful Society of Public Schoolboys, he had parted from his mamma with a solemn promise that nothing should induce him to tell an untruth. He arrived at the sign of the birch-rod—a hostel kept not by a licensed victualler, but a Master of Arts—where he was to put up just as the inmates were going in to tea. He was invited to the meal, and accepted the invitation, though his heart was so full that he neither ate nor drank. After tea, the roll was called, and young Jenkins remarked that every boy answered *adsum*, or, as it sounded to him, 'ad some'. His name had been previously entered, and he, in due time, with the imitative tendency inherent in human nature, uttered a shrill *adsum*. But now his mind misgave him. He not unnaturally supposed the boys had been acknowledging that they had partaken of wholesome refection, and it flashed upon him that he had already broken his solemn promise to mamma. He resolved at anyrate to clear his conscience, and therefore, immediately after prayers, he rushed forward, burst into tears, and exclaimed to the mystified master: 'I beg your pardon, sir—*ad none!*'

THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE.

OLD Simon and young Marsden were getting on at Marycross as prosperously as any Storekeeper—except some government ones—and any Builder (totally independent of strikes) could be expected to do; but the young man was far from satisfied. Waking or sleeping, the vision of the buried treasure in the river-sand was ever present to him, and every shilling not absolutely necessary to his present wants was laid by for the expenses of a long and unknown voyage. He had begun, as we saw, with almost total incredulity in the old man's story, but during the intervening twelvemonth had gradually persuaded himself of the solid reality of this new and marvellous Golden Legend. Nor was the change without some reasonable explanation. By obtaining, at infinite cost and trouble, such works as bore upon the history of the Spanish Main and South American Republics, he had found the dates of different minute occurrences which Old Simon had spoken of correspond exactly with his narration: the period of Captain Mitchell's execution in particular was correct to a day, and that was not certainly a circumstance likely to be remembered save by an eye-witness, or one deeply interested in the circumstances, nor to be picked up by any ordinary inquirer, like the martyrdom of a calendared saint. When we, moreover, consider that Marsden very vehemently desired to believe in his venerable friend's tidings, it is not surprising that after so much corroboration he at last obtained his wish. It was on the night of the anniversary of the first narration of his story that the old man came in from his usual gymnastic exercise with the big stone, and touched Robert Marsden's shoulder as he was looking over his cash-accounts for the past year.

'My friend,' said he, 'if you are content with your present gains, which are large, and with the rest of the property in this hut, which will be yours in a

little time, God forbid that I should urge you to start upon a difficult and dangerous enterprise, with perhaps disappointment at the end of it. If, however, you design to take advantage of my help in your search for this treasure, I must warn you that the time is short. My strength is failing, visibly, even to one who would fain believe himself above the malice of Time. I am now become that unhappy wretch of whose existence the ancient writer doubted—a man so old that he does not think he can live a year.'

'And where did you learn that, Simon?' inquired Marsden earnestly, diverted momentarily by the old man's unaccustomed style from even the enthralling topic of which he spoke.

'That is no matter, friend,' returned the other mournfully. 'When I was half your age, I had more book-learning than I have ever had since; I threw that away, lad, and much more than that—love, duty, reverence, and all things which become a man, before I left my teens. I wish for no retrospective now, except so much as may serve your present purpose. Are you for the Magdalena River, friend?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Marsden with excitement—'a thousand times yes: it is for that I have been pinching and screwing to save what you see here; it is for that I have borne with Drudgery and Wretchedness; and, and—— The young man blushed and hesitated.

'And Solitude, or Base Companionship, as you would say,' continued the old man, 'were not I here to listen. Say on, Robert Marsden; it cannot have been otherwise. I have watched you night and day; I have seen the gold-fever heightening; I have had it myself, and know how it saps the young life within a man. What money have you in you?'

I have more than three hundred pounds.'

'Good! With what this store will yield, and my own small savings, I have nearly twice as much again. We will put the two sums together, and having gone to Melbourne, endeavour to hire a ship, if we cannot procure a passage otherwise to Santa Martha. I am ready; and since it is so settled, the sooner we are off the better for you, for the longer time I shall be able to be of use to you.'

The old man's voice was mournful, and conveyed some rebuke in it, but Marsden heard nothing of that. A river was rushing in his ears over sands of gold, and the roar and the glitter were such that for nought else had he either sight or hearing. Old Simon had something like tears in his eyes for the indifference of the lad whom he loved as his own son, but who, for his part, only loved himself.

'Let us go,' cried Marsden, 'by all means; I wish, with all my heart, that we had gone twelve months ago.'

When the two friends arrived at Melbourne, there was no vessel about to sail for the West Indies, nor did their united means suffice to hire one. Even a small schooner that plied between the port and the town, and brought goods up the river some seven miles, at the same rate per ton as was charged for the entire voyage from England, was quite out of the reach of their purse. All too scant as it was, that dwinded daily too, in spite of their economical mode of life, and the Magdalena River seemed to be further off than even at Marycross. In this strait, Robert Marsden, in whose mind's-eye the treasure was assuming ever greater proportions, and who could not apply his perturbed brain to any occupation in consequence, ventured on a hazardous experiment: he revealed the tremendous secret to a third person, one Hunter, a builder, with whom he had had some dealings, and managed to inoculate that individual with a portion of his own enthusiasm. This man was not of such a character as Marsden would have chosen to be confidential with, if he could have helped it, but there did not seem to be any alternative. Enough that he had

money, and was willing to risk some of it; and the young man was well satisfied to find himself by any means fairly upon his watery way, although the guerdon of his journey was of course diminished in value by the application of the Rule of Three. Old Simon's third share, however, Marsden reckoned with reason almost as his own, and £66.666, 13s. 4d., or thereabouts, was a very nice sort of nest-egg still to be picked up in river-sand.

He certainly needed some pleasant outlook in the future to compensate for the exceeding discomfort of his present circumstances. The schooner which had to take them about half across the world was manned only by eight persons, besides the three copartners, and yet for these the sleeping accommodation was limited indeed. There was no such thing on board as a cabin passenger, with the exception of Old Simon, who was treated as tenderly by the two treasure-seekers as though he had been the wife of the governor of Australia taking a sea-trip for the benefit of her health. Marsden had to work as a common sailor whenever the weather was anything but perfectly fair; and his only satisfaction was, that his new companion enjoyed it even less than himself. The very first day of their voyage, they took off the skin of their hands at rope-hauling; and it was a fortnight before they got their sea-legs sufficiently to enable them to venture on them from one end of the deck to the other, although it was such a very little way. The cabin where they slept—when they were allowed to sleep, and had not to keep watch—was about six feet by five; and there they also dined. The captain entitled this apartment 'snug,' but as he also denominated a sort of grating which was attached to the ship's side sometimes, and swung there frightfully, an 'accommodation-ladder,' it was evident that his opinions were peculiar, and his requirements easily satisfied. As to sea-sickness being 'a thing one gets over after a day or two,' or to the motion of a sailing-vessel producing but comparatively little nausea (as some wiseacres assert), the two younger partners experienced the complete falsehood of such theories, and envied the placid stomach of their colleague of eighty years, a thousand times; although, indeed, Old Simon was far from well, through more serious causes. Even when society on board ship is very numerous and well assorted, and every convenience and luxury are supplied in lavish profusion, a long voyage can never be aught but a great evil. There is no face one can sit opposite to at dinner for six months without satiety, and no voice that does not pall upon the ear. Conceive, then, what must have been an existence of that duration to a young gentleman shut up in a small floating-box with eight unsympathising sailors, a pirate—affectionate, indeed, but serious—and a knavish builder, who was always hugging a brandy bottle. This gentleman would often protest that Marsden had deceived him, both as to the length of the voyage and to its object; and sometimes, in mid-ocean, would entreat, with maudlin tears, to be put on shore. He had laden the ship heavily with timber, to the great reduction of the comfort of all on board, and insisted on its touching at one of the West India Islands to sell his cargo, instead of steering straight for Santa Martha: it may be supposed, therefore, that he was not a little chagrined to receive at St. Thomas', in the way of profit for freight over so many thousand miles, the very modest sum of fifteen dollars. This disappointment, the brandy, and the change of climate, worked together so much for evil in the builder, that he fairly quarrelled with Marsden—with whom, indeed, he had never been on particularly good terms—though at the same time redoubling his attentions to their venerable friend. Perhaps, too, the sense of the approaching division of the treasure, if treasure there should be, affected a disposition more than ordinarily covetous; or perhaps

the air of superiority which Marsden did doubtless assume towards him—the moneyed man—could be no longer borne; at all events his dislike got to be now manifest and undisguised, and was repaid by the object of it with quite as open and thorough a contempt.

The disposal of the cargo at St Thomas, cheaply as it went, took not a little time; and while in harbour there, an addition was made to their company in the person of one Cobra, who was to be a passenger to Santa Martha. This gentleman, a dark and austere-looking Spaniard, had been picked up and fraternised with by Hunter, as being a brother Freemason, and he soon grew very intimate with him upon the still more fraternal ground of rougery. Marsden could scarcely refuse to take him on board, since there was no one in the schooner save Old Simon who could speak Spanish—and he but imperfectly; while Cobra, who knew English pretty well, expressed himself willing to interpret for them. Hunter and he were for ever closeted together, and gave our hero not a little uneasiness. In particular, as he lay one morning smoking on the deck, he heard through the cabin-window, scraps of a whispered conversation between those worthies, which convinced him that the great secret was no longer confined to three. He had, however, his consolation in the facts that, in the first place, Hunter was a coward, and would not be likely to drive him to extremities; and secondly, and in case of the worst, that his own revolver was furnished with two barrels more than would be necessary. It would not be less easy, he flattered himself, to rob a tigress of her whelps than to deprive him of his rightful share in that great treasure, the thought of which had been the solace of so many hardships.

Old Simon had scarce moved out of the cabin throughout the voyage, except in very fine weather; but since they had arrived in the Spanish Main, he could scarcely be kept below, and never seemed to tire of looking upon the purple sea.

'Half a lifetime ago,' Marsden heard him murmur, as they sat on deck together in the island-harbour, 'and it seems only yesterday.' Then he added aloud: 'They hung Mitchell yonder behind the town, in the valley between Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's castles. The black flag had waved before then from both those ruins. Kydd lived in one, 'tis said; he who nailed his hatchet down, and then lit brimstone to see which of all his reprobates would longest bear the mimic hell. I myself have seen strange sights in this blue water, lad. This beautiful spot was even in my day a nest of evildoers.'

'There are some precious bad ones here still!' observed Marsden in a whisper, and pointing with his finger to the cabin where the two inseparables were sitting over their brandy: 'it is not only you and I, Simon, and one more, who know about the roots of the Tamarind-tree.'

'Has he told the Spaniard?' inquired the old man earnestly. 'It is only what I expected of the lying villain. By the by, lad,' added he after a little pause, 'put this sealed paper into your pocket; it is my will, written in your favour, but only to be opened after my death. It is not good-luck to give one's will away, but it is sometimes safer.' The old man shivered as he spoke.

'You don't feel ill, I hope?' asked Marsden with genuine feeling, for he was touched with the kindness of the old man's manner, although he attached but little value to his bequest.

'Yes, lad, I do feel very ill indeed, and have this long time; I well know it is the sickness unto death, and do not regret it. I much desired to look upon these scenes again, and would fain not have died in these far latitudes; but now I care not when the time comes for me to feed the sharks.'

'The sharks!' cried Marsden; 'pray, do not talk like that: we sail to-morrow, and shall be on the

mainland within a week. There you will recover health, I hope, and do away with the effects of this most wearisome and hateful voyage.'

'Perhaps,' said the old man, smiling faintly—'perhaps it may be so: no, thank you, lad, I do not need an arm;' and so saying, the old graybeard tottered off below, with a very different gait from that he had used at Marycross, and was received by Mr Hunter and his friend in the cabin with their customary enthusiasm.

The next day, as they sped before a favourable breeze to Santa Martha, Simon was worse, and in the evening, it was clear to all who saw him that his old eyes would never open to see land again. Marsden could not eject Hunter from the cabin, who had, as it were, a vested interest in the dying man, but he insisted upon Cobra's absence, who accordingly coiled himself on deck, after the fashion of his reptile namesake, to play the eaves-dropper as near to the open cabin-skylight as he dared. Marsden did what little he could for the sufferer, in making cooling drinks for his parched lips, and applying vinegar rags to his burning forehead; but Hunter had exhausted all his remedies in offering the patient a bottle of excellent brandy, and contented himself with 'watching the case,' and pouring the rejected liquor down his own throat.

'Don't you think,' whispered he to Marsden, after a long silence, only broken by the gasps and catchings for breath of the now rapidly sinking old man—'don't you think it would be well to ask him—if it would be no great inconvenience—to go over again very carefully the description of the exact spot where the treasure is? You pass two creeks,' continued he, referring to his note-book, 'on the right bank of the river; the first, four miles from its mouth; the second, two miles further; and two miles beyond that, on the same side, is the creek with the Tamarind-tree, at the foot of which the treasure is buried.'

The old man's glazing eye lit up for a moment with an expression of ascent. 'Dear me,' remarked Hunter huskily, 'what a mercy it is to find our venerable friend so sensible and intelligent to the last!'

Marsden uttered an exclamation of disgust, and turning his back upon the speaker, bent down over the sick man's pillow. The dying eyes once again opened for an instant, and this time with an expression as of pained affection, or so it seemed to the spectator, who often in after-years recalled it; the lips moved for the last time in attempt to frame human speech, and the last sounds which they painfully syllabled were, 'The will, the will!'

The next morning, the secret of the Tamarind-tree, whether revealed by the Builder or not, had one less possessor, and the body of the old pirate was committed to the deep with little ceremony; and on the seventh day of their sail they came in sight of Santa Martha, and dropped their anchor in the land-locked bay of the little town. As soon as they had been visited by the proper authorities, who sealed all the lockers, &c. in the ship, they were permitted to go on shore; Marsden, who had small confidence in Cobra, taking the precaution to pocket a small Spanish dictionary by way of interpreter. The three took lodgings together in a house recommended by the Spaniard, the landlord of which, it appeared, was related to the governor of that part of the country, and could procure them leave to travel whither they would. Nevertheless, his own mansion was not expensively furnished, their apartment being a large bare room, with a stone-floor, three chairs, a small table with a game-cock (a bird greatly estimated at Santa Martha) tied to one of its legs, one grass hammock, and a place outside to cook upon. Hunter took the hammock, and Marsden slept upon the stone-floor; his rest, however, being much disturbed by lizards, whose tails were unpleasantly left between his fingers whenever he tried to pull them off his face and neck. It was necessary, on account of the winds that were then blowing along that coast,

that a canoe should be hired, just such as Old Simon had described in his narration, and the engagement of that vessel seemed to occupy a great deal of time. It could not, Cobra affirmed, be possibly made ready for their accommodation under ten days, and in the meantime what was to be done? Hunter and himself had been invited to spend some days inland with the governor, but they regretted to say that the invitation did not include their companion Marsden. How could he manage to amuse himself during that period? Marsden took the matter very philosophically; made no complaint of their desertion of him, and merely begged for a small loan of twenty pounds, as his money was running extremely short.

'Well,' remarked Hunter smiling, 'that will not be anticipating very much of your future fortune;' and he accommodated him without the least show of reluctance.

Upon the next morning, as soon as his two companions had departed on their visit to his excellency, Robert Marsden took passage by a vessel bound for Carthagena, on the other side of the mouth of the Magdalena. There he remained for a whole fortnight, as though there were no eight boxes of gold doubloons within a few hours' sail of him, and as if Messrs Hunter and Cobra had been the most trustworthy of mankind. When, however, this period had elapsed, our adventurer, by aid of his dictionary and the builder's loan, hired a canoe upon his own account, manned by three natives and a Spanish master, and started, on a calm day, for the entrance of the long-wished-for Magdalena. The sight of its level banks and long lagoons brought back to him vividly the first narration of his dead friend, Old Simon, and seemed to afford him an earnest of the reality of that golden dream which had haunted him so long. His spirits rose with every barren mile, in spite of the warning cries of the solitary river-birds, and the melancholy clang of the clustered marsh-fowl. He passed the first creek; then the second; and presently, on the right bank of the stream, precisely where Simon had described it, he saw the third creek, which must have sheltered the boat of the river-pirates a score of years before. The Tamarind-tree was there, also, but not standing. Marsden laughed aloud as he looked upon its recently torn up trunk, and the sand all delved and cast about the place by furious and disappointed hands. As he had anticipated, the two worthies had made their way thither, so soon as they got rid of their troublesome companion, and without losing much time at the governor's residence. The ground was trodden around for several paces, and the young man almost fancied he could recognise Hunter's very footmarks. How he must have stamped with passion, to find he had been brought such a very considerable distance upon a mere fool's errand! Marsden laid himself down on the spot where the tree had stood, and looked steadily across to the opposite bank, where quite a forest of mangroves fringed the stream. He never took his eyes off an object he then selected, but re-embarking, steered the canoe directly upon it. Having landed, he sat himself down between the mangrove-trees, a little away from the river, and similarly scrutinised the position of the spot which he had lately quitted. Then he took out Old Simon's will from his pocket, and perused it for about the hundredth time.

'I perceived, dear lad,' it ran, 'very soon after our first acquaintance, that you were not quite the man to be intrusted with the whole of a secret so important as is here written; for it would not, I saw, remain in the possession of us two alone. Forgive my distrust, if you do not acknowledge my judgment, for I should be sorry that any feeling should be harboured in your breast respecting me save that of regard. In my conduct to you, I have nothing to reproach myself with—in truth, nothing. You cannot, I thank Heaven, understand what a source of comfort this is to one who

has been the enemy of so many of his fellow-men. There is at least one person in the world whom I have done my best to benefit. But your mind is fixed upon your treasure, and that alone. Why, you are saying, does the old man maulder after this fashion? As I myself once was, you are impatient of all that does not immediately concern yourself. God forbid that the like harvest may be garnered by you as has been by me. The Thing you seek is not, as I have heretofore told you, on the right bank, but on the *left*, and exactly *opposite* to the tree I have mentioned. It is buried half-way between two mangoes upon the river-brink.'

Between the two mangoes, therefore, Marsden directed the astonished natives to dig with their long sweeps; but although they laboured long and hard with those unwieldy instruments, there was nothing brought to light. From the old man's account, it was evident that only a slight layer of sand had been cast over the buried treasure, therefore it was clear that they had not hit upon the precise spot of interment. Marsden did not, it must be confessed, harbour one doubt of Simon's veracity in his own mind, but yet the big drops of agonising disappointment stood out upon his forehead. Again he examined the river-bank, and a little below its rim, and beneath the water, he perceived two rotten stumps, which might perhaps, at no distant time, have been mango-trees. The stream had most certainly risen, and its bed widened there. The natives drove away a torpid alligator that lay close by, and ventured in as far as their knees; then they recommenced their digging between the stumps, and at the second stroke laid bare the surface of some solid substance: it might have been a turtle's egg, or an alligator's back, or a stone—as Marsden schooled himself to imagine—but it turned out to be a huge and heavy cedar-box, bound with slimy and rotting hide; the lid of this had been apparently, at one time, forced open; and there was a dull yellow glitter from the inside of it, until Marsden choked up its gaping tell-tale mouth with sand. There were also seven other boxes of similar size and weight. It was lucky that Mr Robert Marsden had inquired for those goods, which had so long been left till called for, when he did, as in a few more months, at most, the sand would have been swept quite off them by the swift flowing Magdalena, and they would probably have attracted attention, and been of value to other people beside the owner.

HERBAL SUPERSTITIONS.

WHILE alchemists begged themselves searching for the philosopher's stone, or wasted life in endeavouring to discover its elixir, and astrologers scanned the heavens to read the secrets of the future, less ambitious devotees of superstition found ample scope for credulity in the field and forest. In their eyes, the trees of the one and the flowers of the other were 'the virtues of the earth,' at once physicians, prophets, and protectors.

That men should seek among the herbs around them for remedies against the ills that flesh is heir to, was only natural; the folly lay in the *modus operandi* by which they arrived at the curative powers of the various members of the vegetable kingdom. The most popular system was intimately connected with astrology. Every plant was supposed to be under the influence of a planet; each planet reigned paramount over a certain part of the human frame, and the herbs under its influence were believed to supply the proper medicine for that portion of the body. Nicholas Culpepper was the chief promulgator of this astro-medical system in England; and his *Herbal* is still a necessary item in the stock of a country bookseller.

Another method of detecting the virtues of plants was 'by signature.' Thomas Coles, a prominent

advocate of this doctrine, contemns 'the folly of those astrologers who go about to maintain that all vegetables in their growth are enslaved to a necessary and unavoidable dependence on the influence of stars, whereas plants were when planets were not!—an argument more ingenious than sound, for we remember that man was when woman was not, but who denies the influence of the latter over the former? The doctrine of signatures was one of analogy, founded on the idea that 'nature has stamped on divers plants legible characters to discover their uses.' So yellow flowers were held the natural medicine for yellow jaundice; the fancied resemblance of the vervain to the human eye was considered 'no small argument that it is thereunto to be appropriated;' spotted herbs were distilled for the removal of freckles; moss 'hanging upon a tree in a manner like hair,' was thought efficacious in cases of baldness; and the tooth-like shape of henbane-seed was sufficient proof that its juice would cure the toothache. This olden edition of the formula, 'like cures like,' was carried still further. Ragwort was administered to horses, because the uneven edges of the leaves resembled the uneven motion of the animal when suffering from the staggers; and the belief that fern-seed conferred invisibility, arose from the notion that ferns bore invisible seed, in consequence of the difficulty of finding it.

The medicinal properties attributed to some plants by the Parkinsons and Culpeppers are wonderful indeed. We are told that one leaf of cinquefoil will cure a quotidian; three, a tertian; and four, a quartan ague. Eyebright wine will not only enable old people to read without spectacles, but has been known to restore sight to the blind; vinegar of squills, taken in the morning before an hour's walk, assists the digestion, improves the voice, sharpens the sight, and clears the complexion; valerian juice draws iron or wood out of the flesh, while fennel performs the same kind office for broken bones, or, if thought preferable, the latter may be glued together by taking the roots of Solomon's seal in ale; cowslip-water restores beauty; and hear, ye quacks, and hide your heads, a single spoonful of the juice of the mallow is a preservative for ever from all diseases! Expectant mothers who desire their children may be wise, have only to eat plenty of quinces to secure their wish. Any lady who doubts her lord's constancy should persuade him to join her in sipping on periwinkle leaves, which possess the quality of increasing conjugal affection. Rue renders a man subtle, quick, and inventive; sage strengthens the memory, and rejoices in so many virtues, that one of its panegyrists asks, 'How is it that one who grows sage in his garden can die?'

The old herbarists supply us with some curious recipes: there is one 'good against merrie gals,' and we are told how 'to help felonie,' 'to ripen felons,' 'to engender naughty humours,' and 'to kill a man in such sort as though he seemed to die laughing.' Our readers will scarcely desire to test the efficacy of any of the above, but for their benefit we subjoin a certain cure for the toothache: 'Dig up groundsel with a tool that has no iron in it; touch the tooth five times, spitting thrice after each touch, and replace the plant.'

Antidotes against plague and poison seem to have been in great demand among our ancestors, and according to our herb-doctors, existed in such abundance that there was no excuse for any one succumbing to those terrible assailants. The following preservative will suffice us: 'Two walnuts, two figs, and twenty leaves of rue, beaten together and eaten fasting, will preserve against plague or poison that day.' This was the famous antidote of King Mithridates, who took it so frequently that when he attempted to commit suicide by poisoning himself, he utterly failed!

The herbarists were no less learned in the *materia*

medica of the animal kingdom. They inform us that geese, ducks, and other water-fowl help their diseases with wall-sage; boars, with ivy; harts, with artichokes. Dogs take grass as an emetic; asses, when afflicted with melancholy, recover their spirits by eating milk-waste; deer preserve themselves from the effects of serpent-bites with wild parsnip; the weasel, before entering on his mortal combat with the snake, fortifies himself with a meal of rue; while the toad has recourse to plantain, of which Lupton relates the following veracious instance: 'A toad being on the ground hard by a wall, a spider did suddenly strike the toad on the back, which, when the toad felt beginning to swell, did eat of the plantain nigh unto the place; which being well, the spider did again poison the toad with her venom, which done, the toad preserved herself with the same plantain as before; but one that chanced to behold the same did then cut up the plantain and take it away; which toad being the third time poisoned of the spider, as before, immediately searched for the plantain, which, when she could not find, did swell so that soon she did burst. The party that did take away the said plantain, and did see this strange and marvellous matter, did tell me this for a very truth!' It is slightly against the veracity of the author of *A Thousand Notable Things*, and 'the party,' his informant, that the story is a veritable antique. After this, we are not surprised to hear that wild goats expel arrows from their flesh by eating dittany; that linnets and goldfinches repair their failing sight with eyebright; or that 'the eyes of young swallows, pricked with a needle or pin, and so made blind, within three or four days after will see again, which is very true, for I have proved it; the old swallows restore their sight with the juice of celandine.' Serpents clear their eyes with fennel, and have such a horror of the ash, that they will rather go through fire than pass under its shade. We are assured 'it is no hard matter to kill a dog that shall be struck with an hazel stick.' Lovestrife does not deserve its name, for if cast between fighting oxen, they will part, and if the plant be tied round their necks, remain peaceable. Adders-tongue, put in the left ear of a horse, will make him fall down as if dead, but on its removal he will become livelier than ever; while, if asses feed much on hemlock, they fall so fast asleep that 'some, thinking them to be dead indeed, have flayed off their skins; yet, after they had done operating, the beasts have stirred and waked out of their sleep, to the grief and amazement of the owners, and the laughter of others.'

Basil was believed to be such an encourager of scorpions, that it was said a man had bred one in his head by merely smelling the plant! An ambassador from Genoa, being refused a hearing by the Duke of Milan, presented that ruler with a handful of basil; an explanation of this singular gift being demanded, he answered, that basil, gently handled, gave out a pleasant odour, but if wrung and bruised, bred scorpions. The duke took the hint, and treated the Genoese envoy with respect and honour. Mandrake, 'that procureth love, in poisoning filters mixed,' bore a fearful reputation. It was said to spring under the gibbet, from the blood of the malefactors; to resemble the human form in shape; and not only to shriek when pulled out of the ground, but to punish any man attempting to remove it with madness or death, so that it was customary to employ dogs for the purpose. Fond and faithful Juliet, amid the terrors which she dreads to encounter on waking in the vault, conjures up

Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them, run mad;

and the banished Suffolk declares he would ban his enemies,

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan.

On Midsummer Eve, the roots of the mugwort were

disturbed to obtain a coal as a charm against plague, lightning, burning, and ague. One old writer says he has found it; but another, more sceptical, declares the 'coals' are merely the old roots of the plant. Vervain roots were worn round the neck, to keep away the king's evil; house-leeks were planted on the thatched roofs, to preserve them from lightning; and the electric fluid could not hurt a man under the protecting shelter of the bay-tree, for

Lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed branches.

Not content with finding in simples both antidotes to disease and defences against magic, the superstitious sought in them omens and anguries of the future. If the elm or peach cast its leaves early, it was thought to prognosticate a murrain among cattle; the presence of a worm in an oak-apple was ominous of scarcity; a fly, of plenty; a spider, of mortality. Another reading of the same superstition was even less exhilarating: if the little tenant of the apple crept, it foreshadowed famine; if it flew, war; if it ran, pestilence. A fir-tree struck by lightning prefigured its owner's speedy death. The poet of the *Hesperides* tells us:

When a daffodil I see
Hanging down her head towards me,
Guess I may what I must be;
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried.

Let us turn to less dismal divinations. A girl might

By rosebuds divine
Who'll be her valentine;

and many were the means adopted by maidens impatient to become matrons to obtain a foreknowledge of the coming man. On St Agnes's Eve, a species of divination was practised, called Crommyomantia, in which the unromantic onion figured; it is thus described by an old versifier:

Young wanton girls that meet for marriage be,
Do search to know the names of them that shall their
husbands be;
Four onions, five, or eight they take, and make in
every one
Such names as they do fancy most, and best do think
upon;
Thus near the chimney them they set, and that same
onion then
That first doth sprout doth surely bear the name of
their goodman.

Midsummer Eve was a famous time for peeping into the future. One plan was to walk backward in silence to a rosebush, pluck a flower, wrap it in a clean sheet of paper, and keep it unlooked at till Christmas Day, when it would be found as fresh as in June; if the damsel then placed it in her bosom, her future husband would appear, and take it from its resting-place. Maidens possessing more courage and less patience, went into the churchyard at night, commencing as the clock struck twelve to run round the church, scattering hempseed, and singing:

Hempseed I sow,
Hempseed I hoe;

He that is my true love, come after me and mow.

Having repeated the circuit a dozen times, on looking behind her, the lady would behold her true love carrying a scythe. Love being proverbially inconstant, its genuineness was tested by placing orpines in a room at night, and accordingly as their leaves were found next morning bent to the right or left, so was the swain true or false. In Scotland, young people on All-Hallow Eve go

out hand in hand, and with closed eyes pull up kail-plants; as the kail is big or little, crooked or straight, so will the partner of life be; the sweetness or bitterness of the heart of the stem indicates temper and disposition; while from the weight of earth sticking to the roots, the canny lover calculates the heaviness of the 'tocher.'

The rank of the prospective bridegroom was easily arrived at by plucking the petals of a daisy one by one, while repeating the formula, 'Rich man, poor man, farmer, ploughman, thief,' the last petal of course disclosing the important secret. A more decisive method was that of taking an *even* ash-leaf, putting it first in the hand, saying:

The even ash-leaf in my hand,
The first I meet shall be my man;

next placing it in the glove:

The even ash-leaf in my glove,
The first I meet shall be my love;

finally, in the bosom:

The even ash-leaf in my bosom,
The first I meet shall be my husband.

It is to be hoped the result proved more satisfactory than the rhyme. Probably, in deference to the curiosity of the sex, the ladies pretty nearly monopolised all the charms to themselves. The lords of creation, however, were not left entirely helpless: doubtful swains carried bachelor's buttons in their pockets; if the flowers grew in their strange habitat, it was a sign that success would crown the wooing. Dame Quickly declares Master Fenton *must* win sweet Anne Page, spite of father, mother, Welsh parson, and French doctor—'He will carry t', he will carry t', 'tis in his buttons!'

Most of these superstitious notions and observances date back to dim antiquity. Notwithstanding all which have died out, many of these fancies of infant science, aided by the spells of the poet, still linger among the cottage-homes of England.

A NIGHT IN THE THAMES TUNNEL.

SOMETIMES ago, I was compelled, like Mr Jobling, and for similar reasons, to rusticate in the 'market-gardens down by Deptford.' A very singular locality is the district so defined. Fringed on the east by the blue-black, basking-turtle-like broad roofs of the Deptford Dockyard sheds, the spars of the shipping in the river dotted here and there with puffs of bulging canvas like big funguses—and the chaos of masts and cat's-cradle cordage in the Commercial Docks; straddled over by the plump arches of the Greenwich Railway; intersected by inky dikes with white finger-posts upon their margins, intended to warn night-wanderers of the proximity of the water, but looking in the dark like dwarf spectres pointing out with ghostly hand a ready means of suicide; cut in twain, moreover, by the sluggish Surrey Canal, sinuating like a sleepy serpent, and bearing on its muddy breast brown clumsy barges, whose scarce perceptible motion the rattling wagons on the neighbouring branch goods-line seem to mock; sprinkled with rope-walks healthily redolent of hemp, and pleasantly suggestive of Jung Stilling, as the makers, often with a deftly folded cheap newspaper before them, walk backwards, spider-like spinning their threads from their own bodies; with timber-yards, full of Xs of tall planks and piles of shorter wood like sliced haystacks, Titans' dice, truncated pyramids, and walls of rubble; with nautically named and profusely flagstaffed taverns; and even with a tea-garden or two—flats of rich mould, when fallow not unlike black-currant jelly thickly spread, corrugated into celery-trenches, multitudinously bantered with the green leaf and red stalk of the rhubarb, puce with spinach, recalling to mind the Geranomachia where rows of crane-like fennel

look down upon the ranks of their pigny neighbours, the squat Brussels sprouts; gay with the delicate verdure of the lettuce and the bright blossom of the bean, buried beneath the slovenly prettiness of the potato-plant, in spring-time spangled with patches of fruit-blossom blushingly white as sunlit foam—bearing, in short, all that variety of vegetable escutents that grinds and creaks up to Covent Garden in the early morning dusk, in heavy, high-piled wains and carts, these flats extend for acres upon acres in monotonous fertility. Despite the peccid nature of their products, they have, especially in winter, a most drearily monotonous look. When a December fog broods clinging on their dull level, it intensifies instead of softens the hideousness of the battered old crones, in men's greatcoats of the fashion of our great-grandfathers' time, who, as they stoop over their hoes, or load the wagon with frosted cabbages, loom, magnified by the mist, like veritable hags, condemned to week-day penal servitude as a penance for their last witches' Sabbath—in short, a more dismal place of residence than the 'market-gardens down by Deptford' it would be hard for the most lugubrious imagination to depict.

In winter, however, a Cockney Orestes driven by Furies in the shape of creditors, to the Deptford market-gardens, I had to flee for refuge. Lodgings are cheap down there, and, so long as you can pay your landlady, you are safe within your intrenchments of Stygian ditches—secure as an old Norman-hunted Saxon in his asylum of the Fens—since the most ruthless of duns would never venture thither in pursuit, or if he did, bewildered by the intricacies, appalled by the perils of the pathways, and overwhelmed by the surly chaff of those somewhat blasphemous barbarians, the natives, he would uncommonly soon be glad to beat a retreat.

Unfortunately, after a time, I couldn't pay my landlady, and found myself, accordingly, one bleak December night, ejected from my temporary home, and in the possession of precisely one penny. It is a substantial-looking coin—the old broad-rimmed sort, with the Third George's moony face upon it, such as mine was, I mean—but, alas! it will go a very little way. Carlyle dilates upon the rights of sovereignty that sixpence will confer, but even he appears to think that the lowest sum which can achieve a conquest, however fractional, of the universe. What can I do with my penny? was my mournful meditation, as, under a slate-coloured sky, with a north-east wind cutting through me like a scythe, I paced the Deptford Broadway. I had come thither for the sake of its gaslight and its bustle, but I soon wished myself back again amongst the cabbages—there was something so selfishly unsympathetic in the gas that flared just as brightly, the business that was transacted just as noisily, as if I had had a dozen pounds, instead of a penny, in my pocket. What should I do with my penny? I could buy a pint of coffee, or a half-pint of porter, a roll or a saveloy, with it; but it wasn't food or drink, but shelter that I wanted. I thought of the far-off southern land where, when compelled to spend the night *al fresco*, I had had only to select a cozy corner in the bush, with a creek or a water-hole in convenient nearness for toilet purposes, and wake next morning fresher far than if I had slept on any curtained couch. But my teeth chattered at the idea of passing an English winter-night *sub Jove*—verily, *frigido*. I knew that 'twopenny-rope' accommodation could be found in the neighbouring Mill Lane; but even if I could have mustered courage to seek 'repose' in that haunt of fierce-eyed tramps and sharp-fanged vermin, my quest would have been fruitless, since I possessed but half of the required fee. I began to speculate as to whether I could walk about all night, and so prevent myself from being frozen; but my failing legs plainly told me that I should drop long before the small hours came. I mentally framed

the paragraph in which the penny-a-liner would chronicle my fate, and a thrilling report of the inquest. I pictured to myself the horror with which the snug butcher I had just passed, piercing even the circumambient tumult with his strident 'Buy, buy, buy!' would read the narrative of my decease in their own parish to his equally pursy spouse, snugly toasting her toes in the back-parlour; and then when I thought how, if I applied to him for means to save me from such icy doom, he would bid me go about my business as an impostor on the prowl, I scoffed savagely at the cheapness of human pity, and felt inclined to punch the butcher, and so secure a lodging in the station-house. But the cold had so chilled my marrow that I hadn't pluck enough left for that. The 'casual ward' crossed my mind, but I didn't know where the Union House was, or whom to apply to; and besides, there was an incongruity between my dress and such an application that made me shrink from the fancy as too degrading. A similar feeling kept me from pawning any of my clothes, and indeed, having no top-coat, I had none to spare.

Down came the snow in a driving, blinding shower. For the sake of the shelter of their hoarding, and the warmth of their cresset-fire, I drew near to a deep chasm, wherein a host of night-capped navvies were still carrying on sewer operations, under the superintendence of a quick-eyed, hook-nosed, thigh-booted man, planted on a bared, gravel-incrusted gas-main, like a hawk upon a perch. Miserable as I was, I remembered that the similitude amused me for a moment. He glanced hither and thither exactly as if selecting from the stalwart frames beneath him the victim upon whom to pounce. Lounging outside the hoarding near me stood a navvy, with his white jumper slung over his rough pea-jacket scarf-fashion, who had knocked off work, and was exchanging a few valedictory courtesies with a fellow-craftsman deep in the bowels of the earth. This latter giant was bantering his brother Lancastrian on his ignorance of London, as manifested in having taken lodgings at Wapping for a job in Deptford. 'Why, mon, it's boot a step through the Toonel,' exclaimed the bantled one, with an expletive too forcible to be here registered, and went upon his way—the snow, that by this time lay inch thick upon the pavement, dulling the clatter of his clumsy clogs.

A ray of hope came to me through that 'Toonel.' Why shouldn't I expend my last penny in obtaining its covert? I remembered that it was open 'by day and by night,' and that, if I pleased, I might take the whole night in getting through it—nestling on the road in any corners I could find. Every breath of the air I inhaled stabbing my lungs like a sharp poniard, I gasped for the soothingly close atmosphere of the subfluvial arches. In a trice I was hurrying down High Street *en route* for Rotherhithe. The diverging street that leads back to the cabbage-champaign, and thence, expanding into the dignity of a road, to my destination, I discovered for the first time to be denominated Evelyn Street. Somewhere there, I suppose, was the trim garden through whose close-clipped hedges the ship-carpenering Czar, returning uproarious from his roysterings in Ratcliffe Highway, loved to drive the wheel-barrow, scandalising and scarifying thereby his highly respectable landlord, who felt a Hamadryad's anguish in the demolition of his shrubs. The only trace of *Sylva* to be found now-a-days in the locality, is the barber's pole that bristles over every sixth door, and the flagstaff which, as it does everywhere hereabouts, rears itself and halyards above the parapets of every inn—some publics are not content with less than four, and must have gilt vanes upon them too. Into one of these, my hope-inspiring friend, the navvy, who had hitherto preceded me with his heavy *clump, clack, clump*, turned with a reel. As the door swung, the light from the warm bar poured out invitingly upon the

fast-deepening snow; but have I not said that I had only a penny? With a sigh, I plodded on along the dingy street, marvelling that there our English classic could have planted a pleasure, and have found delight, until the wild sweep of the wind—howling like a maniac made mad by a remorseful remembrance of his crimes—shewed me that I was no longer protected by houses, but had gained the market-gardens once more. A mounted policeman, cloaked in blue broadcloth and mystery, and sundry costermonger ‘roughs,’ semi-sickly, semi-savage, red-bellched, greasy-cord-garbed, and close-shaven, according to the wont of that peculiar people, zealous of bad works—they all have the look of hard-up prize-fighters in a decline—were the only persons whom I met before I entered Rotherhithe. There, guided by dim boards with index-hands of faded red, glimmering like those of phantom murderers in the flickering gaslight, I doubled like a hare through narrow, tortuous lanes, passed St Mary’s with its snowy roof, grim tower, square lustreless windows, and risen-ghost-like grave-stones, and found my way at last ‘To the Thames Tunnel’.

With all my worldly wealth I did endow the sleepy janitor. The metal turnstile jerked with a jar upon its pivot; one arm of its Maltese cross gave way before me, another propelled me smartly into the interior of the extinguisher-like building that caps the shaft. I stayed not to admire the seedy works of art—damp-stained and peeling from the plaster—which decorate the walls, but hastened down, down, down the swollen belfry-tower, eager for the comfort of the crypt. Passengers were ascending the opposite staircases. I pitied their misfortune in having to issue into the bitter outside night, but their merry voices proved that they had homes to go to; and then I pitied myself, with that unmixed compassion which even our Howards and Miss Nightingales, I think, reserve for personal distress. Cramp had tied knots in my calves by the time I had reached the bottom of the well—when you are very, *very* tired, going down stairs is almost as wearisome as going up—but here, thank God, was my dormitory, and shaking the snow off me, as a dog shakes water, I prepared to make the best of my long bedroom. The right-hand roadway was blocked up with boards; the other, its nearly circular strong arches growing less and less in the perspective, stretched on and on to a horizon of dim distance. A gas-jet in the centre of each arch of the dividing wall cast a bilious light upon the pavement and the opposite pie-crust coloured masonry. The stall-keepers had long since departed. Are they colliers’ relatives, I wonder, or Puseyite penitents, those melancholy pale-faced women, who keep those ever gas-lit stalls? No music—drearier there, even when the most rollicking of nigger melodies, than ‘the sound of subterranean winds’—now echoed along the bald, vaulted corridor. I thought that it was quite deserted, and had transferred it in fancy to one of Mrs Radcliffe’s nunneries, with black-robed familiars standing here and there, like undertakers’ mutes, on each side of the cell-doors, when I came upon a party of gesticulating Frenchmen, crowding over their English cicerone by singing peans, at 12 P.M., to the genius of their illustrious compatriote, ‘Sir Brunel.’ ‘De Tunelle,’ they asserted with much emphasis, ‘vos de von only little ting in veech Londres bate Paris, and dat had been made by a Franchman.’ They passed on, and presently a clatter of clogs on the stairs behind me announced that my Lancashire friend was coming. His Evelyn Street potations had evidently taken a powerful effect upon him. Hideously did he howl as he staggered along like a collier-brig under press of sail; hideously did the low roof reverberate his howl. I prudently gave him a wide berth. The poor little Frenchmen scattered, *sacré-ing*, like seething foam before him, when he floundered into their previously self-complacent throng.

Again there was silence, broken only by the foot-steps of rare driblets of passengers from either side. Longing, and yet not liking to lie down, until I should have the tunnel to myself, I patrolled its fatiguing length, quickening my foot-sore pace when I saw any one coming, in order to impress him with the belief that my passengership was no more permanent than his. I had done this three or four times, when I fancied that I had seen the face of a man who crossed me, at least once before. The look—half-shame-faced, and half-I’m-as-good-as-youish—with which he returned my scrutinising glance, convinced me that I was right. He, like myself, was going to make a night of it in the Tunnel. At first, I felt irate at having a witness of my poverty; but remembering that he must be a sharer in it, I soon mastered the feeling, and determined to accost him as a brother in misfortune. His clothes, of a clerical cut, and faintly suggesting the clerical colour, had the slimy gleam of the poor-man’s gloss—how different from the bloom of the rich-man’s broadcloth!—creating the fancy that he generally slept in gardens with snails crawling over him. His muddy stockings budded from his heelless boots. His face was witheredly red and nodose as a galled leaf in autumn; his eye was waterily wild; his forceless lips hung limp; he smelt of gin. It was almost unnecessary for him to tell me his history, which, however, with the easy, egotistic openness of his class, he did begin to tell me before I had been five minutes in his company, as we snuggled beneath a piece of tarpaulin in one of the stall-recesses, jamming our shoulders together to increase our warmth, or rather infinitesimally decrease the cold. He was a Cambridge man, and had been a London curate. His love for liquor soon lost him his cure; and then he had been a tutor and a bookseller’s hack; but his irregularities soon deprived him of these employments also, and now he was what is euphemistically called an ‘occasional reporter for the press’—that is, a penny-a-line; getting drunk when his ‘flimsy’ was accepted, roaming about roofless when his pocket was bare. He had just been carousing on the proceeds of an inquest—found, when he came to himself, that, strange to say, he had a penny left in the corner of his waistcoat, whither it had slipped through the tattered lining; and being in Shadwell, had turned his steps to the Tunnel, an old sleeping-place of his—he called it his Hades Hotel. All this he told me, now defiantly quoting Horace—as if, poor wretch, there were any analogy between his bestial revels and the banquets of the Sabine Farm—and presently blubbering like a beaten child, as he spoke of his mother and the dead girl to whom he had been engaged. If from the peaceful home, or the more peaceful heaven, either could have beheld the moist, miry, mangy mass of misery lying by my side, I thought within myself that there would have been a cloud upon their brightness, a ruffle in their calm. He, however, was soon snoring as contentedly as if he had never thrown away a career, or shrouded a fond, faithful heart in his stained surplice. It took me longer to get used to my strange lodgings. I lay awake sympathising with Jonah when the waves passed over him, and the weeds were wrapped about his head. I thought of the ships anchored above me, with the captains snug between the blankets in the cabins, and the crews curled up in forecastle bunks; of the ever-moving stream, ebbing and flowing through the unconscious city, like life-blood through a sleeper’s heart; of the river-pirates prowling like water-rats, and the police-galley silently tracking them through the gloom; of the bridge-lamps stretching, seemingly unsupported, from shore to shore, like threads of golden gossamer; and of what their shattered light might fall on, as the black flood swept through and eddied about the arches: it wasn’t pleasant to reflect that there might be corpses bobbing above my head like fish-baita.

I had just fallen asleep, and was dreaming that I was a whale compelled to swallow one of those loathsome lures, when I was awakened by feet scurrying past my covert. I peeped out, and saw a woman's garments whisking from side to side as their owner rushed towards Wapping, whilst from the opposite direction came two pursuers—one with an open bull's-eye in his hand, which shot out an expanding triangle of light, like arms extended to stop the quarry, should she double. The heavy boots of the policeman, and of a sea-faring man with him, clumped echoing along the corridor—I taking care to keep well within my curtain as they went by me—and in a minute the fugitive was overtaken. Then shrill shrieks—that had a most infernal sound down there—and hysterical protestations that she had never so much as seen the fellow's watch; she didn't believe the cowardly fellow had one—startled the stillness of the night; and then she flings herself upon the ground, kicking and screaming like a passionate child, and swearing that they shall carry her then; what time the policeman waits in ruthless stolid patience—a sort of Dutch *Eriennys*—until she shall be tired. Finding that there is not much chance of this, he loses his patience, shakes her roughly, pulls her from the pavement, and, in a gruff voice, bids her hold her noise and come along—they've had enough of that there nonsense. The trio repass me on their way to the Surrey side in company—the girl alternately striving to propitiate the policeman by appeals to his 'gentlemanliness' and gallantry, and vowing that she will have her accuser's heart out; the sailor, now that he has recovered his property, desirous to release the sobbing and vindictive thief, but prevented from yielding to his cowardice or kindness by the constable, who sternly tells him that *he'll* be no party to 'crumplymising a fel'ny.'

When next I wake, my clerical companion is gone, and workmen, with tool-baskets at their backs, and swinging little tin coffins of bread-and-butter over sailess wind-mills of coffee, are passing from both sides on their way to their daily toil. With teeth clinking like castanets, and the rheumatism gnawing with icy teeth at every bone, I creep from my kennel saddest of sad dogs. The world is all before me where to choose, but where or whatever I may choose, I feel I cannot get a breakfast. 'The Way Out,' says the zinc-plate on the finger-rubbed Wapping shaft-door, with the pitiless impatience of a policeman's 'Move on!' The morning outside air gives me the spiteful, Miss Murdstone-like peck of a kiss which it always gives to those who meet it before they have washed. Broad-wheeled wagons are already crunching the night's snow into a viscous slush. Disconsolate indeed, I am standing at an open-air 'coffee'-stall in the neighbourhood of the Docks, covetously sniffing its fumes of scalding decoction of chicory, when whom do I see but the rosy little mate of the vessel in which I sailed from Australia! Something stronger than coffee puts life into me in the cabin of the good ship *Burra Burra*; and the loan that I obtain secures me—at all events, for a week to come—from having to pass another night in the Thames Tunnel.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The new planet, accepted as an accomplished fact, is now fairly enrolled among the stellar divinities by the name of Vulcan, and will some day have its column in catalogues of observations, and appear in the *Nautical Almanac*. That Vulcan has been seen from time to time by sundry observers within the past hundred years, is now confirmed by further testimony; but the merit of the discovery remains with M. Lescarbault, who, with rare modesty, has declined to attend

the banquet which the *savans* of Paris desired to hold in his honour. The present spring is said to afford favourable opportunity for renewed observation of the planet; and with so many eager eyes as are on the watch, it will hardly be permitted to escape.

A supplement has been issued from the *Nautical Almanac* office, containing exact tables of the eclipse of July next, with a map shewing the path of the moon's shadow, or, in other words, the belt of total darkness. It crosses Spain from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean; and astronomers of other parts of Europe are preparing for an expedition to the Peninsula, to observe the various phenomena, to which more and more importance is attached. The astronomer-royal will leave for a time his comfortable quarters at Greenwich, to take part in the work, accompanied by Mr. Warren de la Rue, whose skill as a phot heliographer is to be turned to account in taking photographs of the sun's appearance at intervals during the eclipse. The necessity for exactitude in the observations is so imperative, and the use of a lamp or artificial light so prejudicial to the results, that Mr. Airy, in an address to the Astronomical Society, urges the members to practise writing their notes in the dark, and to provide beforehand against the failure of discipline, which commonly occurs among the assistants 'during the strange and appalling appearances of a total eclipse.'

Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, is pursuing his researches on the polarisation of the moon's light, and finds it to be equal from all the smooth surfaces of our satellite, whatever their angle, and thence deduces some conclusions as to the corona seen in an eclipse. In a note to the astronomer-royal, he says: 'Jupiter now has a very remarkable appearance: the principal belt is decidedly red, and several bands of green and white alternate in a way that I have never seen such colours do before.' Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, sees in the discovery of Vulcan a confirmation of the theory, that a large number of meteors revolve pretty near to the sun, and by falling in upon that great luminary, maintain its light and heat. We called attention to this theory a few years ago, on its first publication; and recently to the extraordinary spot of brightness observed in the sun by Mr. Carrington in September last. Professor Smyth considers that in this latter phenomenon we have an actual observation of the falling in of a meteor, the unusual brightness being occasioned by the concussion. The tremendous shock may be inferred from the calculated velocity of the falling body—7000 miles in a minute.

Among the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, the one by Professor Crace-Calvert, *On the Influence of Science on the Art of Calico-printing*, was singularly interesting, and, considering that the value of the 785,666.473 yards of calico exported in 1858 was £13,147.280, we may say, singularly important. When the block-printers struck, rather than use machinery, copper rollers were substituted for wooden blocks and hand-labour. Now, the rollers themselves are engraved by machinery, in which the principle of the pentagraph is adopted, and, by galvanic process, applied to the tracer, whereby the most delicate and complicated patterns are produced. The result is, that the large furniture-patterns which are exported in great quantities to the east, and which, containing sixteen colours, would have taken more than a week for the printing of a single piece, are now printed complete in three minutes. In light styles of pattern, the time of printing a piece of 36 yards is one minute. Bleaching, too, is wonderfully cheapened by the use of chlorine gas, instead of exposure to the air for six weeks, the time now being twenty-four hours, and the cost a penny apiece. The practice is to sew several hundred pieces of gray—that is, unbleached—calico together, and pass them through the several operations without a pause, till the whole are completely white.

The dyeing of calico in large quantities, and with rapidity, is wonderfully facilitated by the discovery, that peroxide of tin is an excellent mordant. The obtaining of uric acid in quantity from guano, and applications of murexide, enable the manufacturer to produce that beautiful colour known as Tyrian purple. Madder mordants required to be kept for three or four days 'to age,' as the dyers say. Now, if the calico is passed through a moist atmosphere at a temperature of 80 or 100 degrees, it will immediately take up the colours, of whatever hue. The fashionable colour *mauve* originates in the experiments of able chemists upon lichens: in 1848, Dr Stenhouse shewed that lichens would give up their colouring acids to lime-water; and in 1857, it was demonstrated at Lyon, that a fast mauve and purple were obtainable from the vegetation which no one cared for except when it clothed rocks and ruins in picturesque attire. Another instance of chemical aid appears in aniline, a substance which, some years ago, was yielded only by the *Indigofera Anil*, a variety of the indigo plant: now, by a process of destructive distillation, it is obtainable in thousands of gallons from coal; and Mr W. H. Perkin, a pupil of the College of Chemistry, which is a department of the School of Mines, has discovered a method of extracting from this crude oily aniline a lasting violet colour of great value to dyers and printers.

The prize of £25, offered by the Royal Agricultural Society for the best account of the application of steam-power to the cultivation of the land, has been awarded to Mr J. Algernon Clarke, of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. The subject is one which will increase in importance until it shall be discovered, as a contemporary author says it will, that large farms are injurious to national prosperity. The last part of the Society's *Journal* contains a paper on *The Influence of Climate on Cultivation*, shewing that plants which are to come up in warm weather require less manure than those of the chilly months or early spring, because of the greater power imparted by the high temperature of absorbing carbonic acid and ammonia directly from the atmosphere. Hence, late sowings should be the most productive.

In another paper of the same *Journal*, certain sources of error are pointed out which vitiate the statistical returns concerning the consumption of meat in London. Deduction must be made from the numbers of animals offered for sale at Smithfield, of those which remain unsold, and of those bought and driven away by butchers within twenty miles of the metropolis. This being done, the return stands thus for the year ending June 1859: Of carcasses living and dead, sold for consumption in London—of beef, 263,391; of mutton and lamb, 1,435,751; of veal, 25,706; of pork, 261,510. Notwithstanding predictions to the contrary, the supplies are well kept up, and the quality is improved; that is, the English supplies. Graziers on the continent are not so emulous as the same class on this side the Channel, and are content with a poorer quality of meat; and though the Dutch farmers have begun to improve their sheep, we are told that the animals 'cannot yet stand the test of competition with half-breeds raised even on our poorest soils.' The desire for improvement has not spread to Germany, though, as Mecklenburg-Schwerin now sends us considerable numbers of live-stock, we shall perhaps hear of a change for the better in that quarter. Our custom-house regulations are strict against the admission of bad stock. In the supplies from Ireland there is a steady increase, owing, perhaps, to the fact, that the old Irish breeds having nearly died out, are replaced by better. One result of a large and active demand remains to be noticed: it is, that graziers have availed themselves of scientific aid, and mature, well-fattened beasts are now delivered at market at an age which, a few years ago, would hardly have been the commencement of fattening.

Mr Whitworth, having achieved marvellous results with his new rifled guns on the coast of Lancashire, where a breech-loading three-pounder threw its shot more than 9000 yards, has exhibited a model with his latest improvements to the Prince Consort, and we hear that the War Department will institute an inquiry into the merits of the new artillery. Meanwhile, Sir William Armstrong is sending forth his cannon from the Arsenal at Woolwich, of which a battery has been despatched for use in China; and Mr Haddan puts in a claim to notice, on the ground that he will rifle the ordinary guns and field-pieces at a cost of about ten shillings each, and therewith send his projectiles as far as any other competitor. He shews, moreover, that a mixture of iron and tungsten cast into guns, is the cheapest and toughest kind of metal that can be used for the purpose.—From Belgium we hear of 'iron minium,' an invention of importance to maritime affairs, if it be what it is described. Lead minium, commonly known as red lead, forms a much less effectual coating for ships than is required; the iron minium, which is a peroxide of iron, contains no acid, and when properly prepared as paint, is said to form an indestructible coat wherever applied.

The President of the Royal Society issued more than a thousand cards of invitation to the first of his two soirées, and his numerous visitors, on arrival at Burlington House, found many admirable things to look at. One was the electro-magnetic loom, as we may call it, the invention of Signor Bonelli, Director-general of Sardinian telegraphs, which weaves figured patterns, however complicated, by a remarkably ingenious process. Hitherto, this kind of work has been wrought by the Jacquard-loom, with its endless series of perforated cards, of which, for some very crowded patterns, as many as 25,000 are required. Signor Bonelli draws his pattern on tinfoil with a non-conducting varnish; passes it under a series of steel pins connected by wires with electro-magnets, whereby a battalion of little pistons are actuated; and as these open or close a series of perforations, so is the required string pulled which lifts the threads of the warp to form the pattern. Though apparently complicated in construction, the machine works with as much precision as rapidity, the communication being established by means of the pedal; and there is the advantage, that changes may be made in the pattern, or additions, while the work is going on. By-standers have been interested by seeing their names written in varnish on the pattern, appear presently in the web as the weaver threw his shuttle.

Among other remarkable things exhibited on the occasion referred to, were the reductions of maps by photography, and the process for taking facsimiles and printing them, discovered by the operators at the Ordnance Map-office at Southampton, and now made known as photozincography. This process is surprising for its celerity and cheapness. The object to be reproduced is photographed on a zinc plate; a chemical application is made thereto, in which bichromate of potash is one of the ingredients; and in about half an hour the plate is ready for the printer, and he will be able to deliver his impressions at one penny or twopence each. The Master of the Rolls has permitted facsimiles to be taken of some of the documents in his charge, and except in the new look of the paper or parchment, they are not to be distinguished from the originals. Seeing that it is not necessary for the operators to touch the originals while taking the impressions, this invention should be taken advantage of for the multiplication of rare documents, or any which it is desirable to preserve in duplicate.

Russia is planning a railway from Moscow to Tiflis, with ulterior views of extension towards Central Asia, where her travellers have been very enterprising of late.—While Mr Wilson is inaugurating his new

financial schemes in India, the ship-builders of the Tyne are hard at work upon steamers intended to navigate Indian rivers, one being an unusually large troopship adapted for shallow waters. The telegraphic cable from Suez to Kurrachee is now laid; and before these lines appear in print, the governor-general at Calcutta will, in all probability, have sent a message direct to Queen Victoria.—Favourable news is come from Consul Livingstone: he has ascertained that, excepting thirty miles of cataract, the Shire is navigable down to the Zambesi; he has explored a new and well-watered region, where the land rises in a series of terraces, the highest of which have a temperate climate. The natives have heard of, and respect, the English name.

Among recent 'Children's Books' that have a fair right to be considered in our summary under the title of 'Art,' and even high art, is the series of *Instructive Picture-books* recently published by Messrs Edmonston and Douglas of Edinburgh. The letterpress of the first series is by Mr Adam White of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, and the illustrations by J. B.—under whom modest initials one of the most accurate of delineators of animal life is content to be known. The notes of the second series—*Lessons from the Vegetable World*—are by one no less popular than the authoress of the *Heir of Redcliffe*, who discourses of herb and plant almost as eloquently as Goldsmith did of old concerning Animated Nature; while the third series, or *Lessons from the Geographical Distributions of Animals*, although heralded by no such well-known editorial name, is perhaps the favourite of the three with the vast tribe of youthful critics. Never have we seen children better pleased or more instructed than by these beautifully coloured pictures, each of them evoking a flood of eager questions which their grown-up exhibitor is sometimes glad enough to find replied to in the notes; for the lessons which these Books of Nature teach are by no means needed by the young alone.

TWO LIBERTY SONGS NOW SINGING.*

I. THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

(*Ritorno della Rondinella.*)

GENTLE wanderer, Rondinella,
Flitting round on rapid wing,
What good tidings, say, this morning
To my easement dost thou bring?
Tell, oh, tell me in thy language;
I am listening, Rondinella.

Sawst thou not at Solferino
How the Prince of Lorraine
Cried aloud, as they were flying
Ne'er to see our land again:
'We shall hear no more the language
That thou speakest, Rondinella.'

Hast thou seen the gallant Zouave,
With his weapon gleaming bright,
Fighting gladly, fighting gaily
For the triumph of the right,
In the suffering land, whose language
Is most gentle, Rondinella?

Hast thou seen our sons in battle,
With the fearful bayonet,
Rushing on a race accursed,†
As in deadly shock they met,
And who did not speak the language
Of Italia, Rondinella?

Thou who floatest as thou willest
Over hill and over plain,
Hast thou heard Italia's children
For Italia's freedom slain,

* The originals of these songs are now being sung in Central Italy by masses, in unison with the military bands.

† Razza maladetta.

Shout, when dying, in their language,
'Live, Italia!' Rondinella!

When to other lands thou goest,
Tell the tale of all the woe,
The long-suffering, and the anguish
Those we love have known, and knew,
In thy most pathetic language,
O, Italian Rondinella!

In thy sweet and gentle warbling,
Tell the nations far and wide
That the people of Italia
None shall ever more divide;
She has sworn, in her own language,
To be one, O Rondinella.

Lo! a cross, unfurled in spring-time,
Shall be the signal of our joy,
Shall flame upon Italia's banner—
It is the *Red Cross* of Savoy,
Who has promised, in her language,
Liberty! O Rondinella.*

II. GARIBALDI'S HYMN.

The tombs have been rent, and the dead have come forth—

All our martyrs, in haste, from their rest have arisen;
Bright swords in their hands, laurel wreaths round
their brows,
The name of *Italia* upbreathing to Heaven.
Forward, then! youthful troops, give our flag to the wind—

For one, and for all, let the same banner wave.
Come ye all! with the sword; let each soul be on fire,
The name of Italia from slavery to save.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Let the region of flowers, of sweet sounds and of song,
Be again the arena of deeds in the field;
With a hundred vile chains they have shackled our
hands,

But they still know the sword of Legnano to wield.
Our souls are not quelled by the Austrians' rule;
Ne'er yet 'neath the yoke grew the children of Rome;
Too long has Italia bowed low 'neath their sway—
No longer the tyrant shall dwell in her home.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Let our homes be our own—on the Danube be thine.
Thou hast ravaged our valleys, and plundered our bread;
Henceforth, for our children, their fair fruit shall spring;
On our soil, in its freedom, no tyrant shall tread.
The two seas and the Alps are Italia's bounds;
Let each landmark between into nothingness fall;
To a chariot of fire let the Apennines yield,
And the standard of Liberty float over all.

Go forth from the land, go forth, 'tis the hour—
Go forth from the land, 'tis the hour, O stranger!

Be silent each tongue; be each arm raised to strike;
Every face to the enemy turned in its wrath;
If Italia have but one thought and one soul,
Soon the stranger shall seek o'er the mountains a path.
The land must be free from the spoilers' rude grasp;
The spoils of the vanquished we care not to own.
Italia's sons have but one heart and one soul,
And her hundred fair cities are *one*—one alone.

M. F. A. P.

* The above lines have been adapted by the Italians to the political sentiments of the day, from some verses of Manzoni, of a different tendency.